



I fear such precious things should have
 some force Them to preserve, lest
 some beholders might Procure those
 precious apples by their slight* Then
 cruel ATLAS, banished from remorse,
 Enters my thoughts, and how he
 feared away

The poor inhabitants which dwelt about;
 Lest some, of his rich fruit should
 make a prey: Although the Orchard,
 circummured throughout With walls of
 steel was; and a vigil stout Of
 watchful dragons guarded everywhere,
 Which bold attempters vexed with hot
 pursuit, So that none durst approach
 his fruit for fear. Thus, ATLAS like,
 thine heart hath dragons set
 Tyrannous Hatred, and a Proud
 Disdain, Which in that Orchard cruelly
 did reign,

And with much rigour rule thy lovely
 eyes ! Immured in steelly walls of
 chaste Desire, Which entrance to poor
 passengers denies, And death's high
 danger to them that require. And even
 as ATLAS (through fierce cruelty,
 And breach to laws of hospitality ; When lodging
 to a stranger he denied) Was turned to a
 stony mountain straight; Which on his
 shoulders, now, supports heaven's weight : (A
 just revenge for cruelty and pride !)
 Even so, thine heart (for inhumanity,
 And wrath to those, that thine eyes' apples
 love!